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### HUGS THE EQUATOR.

The Small Strip of Earth Upon Which the Starry White Coffee Flower Blooms.

It is only on the world's waistband that the starry white coffee flower blooms. Only between the fifteenth degrees, north and south of the equator, can the tree be successfully grown and on those altitudes which are between the 3,000 to 5,000 feet mark. Left by itself the plant will grow to a tree twenty-five feet in altitude; but, as man is not usually over two yardsticks high, the bearing shrubs are kept by pruning under a maximum height of ten feet, so that they can be easily handled.

The seeds are thickly sown in the nursery, but as soon as babyhood has passed and the tender sprouts are able to bear a breath of wind or changes of temperature they are transplanted into orchards. They are set pretty far apart so that while young and not yet bearing the soil may be utilized with parallel rows of corn, bananas or plantain. A thrifty shrub grows berries when three years old and continues to bear during twenty years from three to six pounds of beans. Its glossy green leaves remind one of the laurel, and the fragrant, white, five petaled flowers—the perfume varying in different countries and localities—grow in clusters of from three to ten each in the axils of the branches. Well regulated streams of water run through the orchard to secure luscious growth, but when the berries begin to ripen the water is turned off lest the fruit be too succulent. The twin beans or nutlets ripen within a mass of pulp that looks like a dark red cherry, or in that and size rather like a cranberry. This pulp, when perfectly ripe, is delicious to the taste, but when dried it is taken off either by hand or, as is usually the case in present day operations in Brazil, by most modern machinery.—St. Louis Republic.

### WORKED TOO HARD.

Why David Graham Phillips Once Lost a Situation.

People who thought that the late David Graham Phillips had a rapid, fluent and even at times overhasty pen were very far from the truth, says a writer in the Bookman. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labor—a labor of love that he could not have shirked if he would, but none the less a labor. A story which he sometimes told at his own expense illustrates this. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter and finally by offering his services for nothing obtained a chance to show what he could do on the leading daily in a western city.

The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below 60 degrees, yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with the moisture rolling from his brow in the anguish of trying to make literature from such material as "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a stepladder and dislocated his shoulder."

One day—it was the tenth of Mr. Phillips' services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the city room and stood for some minutes watching him.

"Who is that young man?" he presently asked the city editor.

The latter explained.

"Get rid of him!" came the curt edict.

"But," expostulated the city editor, "we are getting him for nothing."

"I don't care," rejoined the higher power. "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege. Get rid of him at once. I can't bear to see any human being work so hard."

### The Scream of Ennui.

A dog howls when he is lonely, a cat wails (the word must be right, for it comes from "caterwaul") because of some combative or amative impulse, but a parrot screams through sheer boredom. I sometimes think it is the only creature that shares with us that secondary curse which followed our ejection from Eden—ennui. And I know that if Noah fed his animals well and if they had plenty of room for exercise the only creatures who rebelled vocally against the dire tedium of voyage and the creatures who made the most noise, bar none, were the two little papineos, as our forefathers used to call them.—Atlantic.

### Slipper Day in Holland.

There is a curious festival called Slipper day celebrated in Holland. Slipper day in the Netherlands is the one day in the year in which the Dutch woman claims superiority over her husband. On that day she rules him to her heart's content, and he generally obeys good humoredly enough—that is, unless she is one of those ladies not unknown in Holland or in any other country who aspire to complete rule over their unhappy partners throughout the year.

### Badly Handicapped.

"How did your show go on the road?"

"Bad. We were fearfully handicapped by the plays we selected."

"Eh? Why, I thought the dramas in your repertory were the finest you could secure."

"Yes; but we couldn't play 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Extremely Rare.

Tommy—Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor? Father—The sense of humor, my son, consists largely of knowing when not to be funny.—Philadelphia Record.

Not by years, but by disposition, is wisdom acquired.—Plautus.

## LISZT AS AN IDOL.

The Great Musician Was Petted by English Royalty.

### A SOUVENIR OF THE MASTER.

The Singular Memento That Was Sincerely and Secretly Treasured by a Cold, Rigid and Rather Disagreeable Old Englishwoman.

"When I was a very small boy indeed," writes Ford M. Hueffer in Harper's, "when I wore green velvet clothes, red stockings and long golden curls, thus displaying to an unsympathetic world the fact of my pre-Raphaelite origin, I was taken one day to a very large hall. In front of us was a wooden platform draped all in red. Upon the platform was a grand piano.

"In front of me the first row of the stalls had been taken away, and in place of them there had been put three gilded armchairs, before which was a table covered with a profusion of flowers that drooped and trailed to the ground. Suddenly there was applause—a considerable amount of applause. A lady and gentleman were coming from under the dark entry that led to the artists' room. They were the Prince and Princess of Wales. There was no doubt about that even for a small boy like myself.

"And then there was more applause. What applause! It volleyed, it rolled round the hall. All were on their feet. People climbed on to their chairs, they waved hands, they waved programs, they waved hats, they shouted, for in the dark entrance there had appeared, white and shining, a head with brown and sphinxlike features and white and long hair and the eternal wonderful smile.

"They advanced, these three, amid those tremendous shouts and enthusiasm—the two royal personages leading the master, one holding each hand. They approached the gilded armchairs immediately in front of me, and the prince and princess indicated to the master that he was to sit between them at the table covered with flowers.

"He made little pantomimes of modesty, he drew his hands through their grasp, he walked quickly away from the armchairs, and because I was just behind them he suddenly removed me from my seat and left me standing under all the eyes, solitary in the aisle of the center of the hall, while he sat down. I do not think I was frightened by the eyes, but I know I was terribly frightened by that great brown, aquiline face, with the piercing glance and the mirthless, distant, inscrutable smile.

"And immediately, just beside me there began what appeared to be a gentle and courtly wrestling match. A gentleman of the royal suit approached the master. He refused to move. The prince approached the master. He sat indomitably still. Then the princess came and, taking him by the hand, drew him almost by force out of my stall, for it was my stall, after all.

"And when he was once upon his feet, as if to clinch the matter, she suddenly sat down in it herself, and with a sudden touch of good feeling she took me by the hand—the small solitary boy with the golden curls and the red stockings—and sat me upon her lap. I, alas, have no trace of the date on which I sat in a queen's lap, for it was all so very long ago; the king is dead, the master is long since dead, the hall itself is pulled down and has utterly disappeared.

"I had a distant relative—oddly enough an English one, not a German—who married an official of the court of Weimar and became a lady in waiting on the grand duchess. As far as I know, there was nothing singularly sentimental about this lady. When I knew her she was cold, rigid and rather disagreeable. She had always about her a peculiar and disagreeable odor, and when she died a few years ago it was discovered that in this sachet was a half smoked cigar.

"This was a relic of Franz Liszt. He had begun to smoke it many years before at a dinner which she had given, and he having put it down unfinished, she had at once seized upon it and had worn it upon her person ever since. This sounds inexplicable and incredible, but there it is."

### Setting a Bill.

When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surrey, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel ledger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson, "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

### She Meant Well.

The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the rigid apostle of temperance, while on a week end visit made the acquaintance of a sharp young lady of seven, to whom, on leaving, he said: "Now, my dear, we have been talking some time. I am sure you have no idea who I am."

"Oh, yes, I have," the little missy replied. "You are the celebrated drunkard."—London Graphic.

## CORPS OF ROGUES.

French Foreign Legion a Unique Military Body.

### CRIMINALS FILL ITS RANKS.

It Gathers Recruits From the Social Outcasts of All Grades of All Other Countries—Iron Discipline and Brutal Punishments.

The French Foreign Legion is unique. There is no other military organization like it on earth. It was first raised in 1831 for service in the then newly conquered colony of Algeria. The officers are French officers, of course, but the ranks are made up of outcasts of all social ranks of all other countries. It is understood that recruits are simply seeking refuge from the arm of the civil law. The corps has done excellent work against the Arabs and is always placed in the forefront of the fight.

The Foreign Legion exists but to march. To this one end its whole training is devoted. To fall out on the march is the one unpardonable sin in a legionnaire. The system of marches is brutal. No matter what the distance, it has to be completed in one stage. Forty miles, fifty, sixty—no matter—it is done straight off the reel, with, of course, brief halts for rest. But there is no general halt until the whole distance is completed.

If a legionnaire faints on the march he is tied to a baggage cart which rolls on. He then either has to march or he is dragged along. "Seeing this done for the first time, I thought it brutal, but later I learned to understand the reason for it," said one who had served in its ranks.

The legionnaire who straggles in the desert is lost. Hundreds of men have died a dreadful death in this way. The Arab women pounce upon them, lying helpless in the sand, and with shrieks of fiendish delight, proceed to torture and mutilate them before killing them outright.

A legionnaire's pay is only a half-penny a day. True, wine in Algeria costs only a penny a quart, and tobacco three pence to fourpence a pound. But—a halfpenny a day!

His rations, too, are of the scantiest. Two meals a day only are served—breakfast at 10 o'clock in the morning and supper at 4 in the afternoon. Each meal is exactly alike, consisting of a thick soup made up of meat and vegetables, with bread, and every other day a small quantity of wine.

The discipline is ruthless in its severity; the punishments are cruel in the extreme. For grave offenses, like desertion, insubordination or striking a superior officer, death is frequently inflicted, or, failing that, the offender is sent to serve in the penal battalion on the edge of the Sahara desert. This nearly always means a slow and painful death in place of a quick and comparatively painless one.

Minor offenses are punished with from twenty to a hundred days in prison or with "cellule," which is solitary confinement in the dark plus starvation. I have seen strong, robust men so reduced after doing thirty days cellule that they have hardly been able to stand, yet they had to resume their ordinary duties nevertheless.

Not long since two other dreadful forms of punishment were in vogue—the "silo" and the "crapaudine." The silo was just a deep hole in the ground shaped like a funnel, into which the victim was cast. He was given no blanket or other protection from the weather.

The sun beat upon him by day; the cold night mists penetrated to the marrow of his bones. He could not lie down, for the bottom of the silo sloped to a point. He just crouched, a huddled heap, until not infrequently death mercifully relieved him from his sufferings.

The crapaudine consisted in trussing a man as a fowl is trussed, his hands and feet being tied together on his back in such a manner that they formed a sort of semicircle.

This resulted in such frightful cramps that the pain sometimes drove men mad. Both the silo and the crapaudine, however, have now been abolished. But in the field and on the march an offender is still punished by being "spreadeagled" and bound to four stakes driven into the ground.

To escape from these tortures men mutilate themselves, usually by cutting off one or more fingers, or they will purposely make themselves ill. One favorite trick is to take a drink from the sewers under the Arab prison. This loathsome draft almost invariably brings on an attack of typhoid of a peculiarly malignant type.

Others, more enterprising, try to desert, but they rarely succeed. Most of them meet with dreadful deaths at the hands of the wild Arabs of the desert. The only class of recruits who are treated with special favor are those who have previously been officers in some other army. These are usually made corporals on enlistment and afterward sergeants. But even under the most favorable conditions life in the legion is the life of a dog.

### In Its Due Order.

Dr. Thirdly was dividing up his sermon into its appropriate heads one Sunday morning, when a member of the congregation shouted frantically: "Meat, man! Give us meat!" "Well," said Dr. Thirdly promptly, "hold on, then, till I'm done carving."—New York Tribune.

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